

The year 1882 promises to be an unlucky one for the Democrats.

By the great floods in the South and Southwest, twenty thousand workmen have been thrown out of employment, and hundreds of houses submerged.

The reduction of taxation asked by the Democrats on whisky will reach \$27,000,000 a year. If the Democratic party can't live and be happy without free whisky, let it go down.

When William S. O'Brien, of San Francisco, died he was worth ten million and six hundred thousand dollars as shown by inventory. There were three commissioners employed to settle the estate, and when they had finished their work, which required several months—their bill was \$126,254—a fortune for each.

The San Francisco Chronicle says that after an investigation based upon actual results obtained by several persons, a well selected and well attended vineyard of raisin-grapes in California after the seventh year, is good for a net profit of \$100 to \$500 an acre. It is considered that five acres of this sort of property would be worth more to the owner than 100 acres of the best wheat land in the State in the course of five years cultivation.

Once in a while we find a Democratic editor laughing because the present Republican Congress will have to pass a deficiency bill. While amusing themselves over this thought, they seem blind to the fact that there was not a single Democratic Congress from 1876 to 1881, that did not have a deficiency bill, with which to repair the ravages of "Democratic retrenchment." In 1877 these bills amounted to \$834,695; in 1878 to \$2,547,186; in 1879 to \$15,213,259; in 1880 to \$1,633,824; and in 1881 to \$6,118,085. All these were Democratic Congresses.

The greatest oration which Mr. Blaine will ever make will probably be that which he will deliver next Monday in Washington before a joint assembly of both houses of Congress. Those who know the power of Blaine and appreciate his oratorical ability, expect eloquence of the Ciceroian kind, and look with confidence for the grandest oratorical effort of the life of the silver-tongued orator from Maine. There will be 1,500 tickets of admission to the House on that day. Twenty-five tickets will be given to Mrs. Garfield for distribution, and Mr. Blaine will control 25. Each Senator and member of Congress will have three extra tickets.

There has been just a dozen of the star route thieves indicted by the grand jury in Washington. Among those prosecuted for indictment are ex-Assistant Postmaster General Thomas J. Brady, Senator Stephen A. Dorsey, his brother, J. W. Dorsey, his private secretary, M. C. Berdell, John C. Miner, of the firm of Miner, Vale & Co., Captain H. W. Turner, formerly clerk in the postoffice department, and J. W. Peck, brother-in-law of ex-Senator Dorsey. In the case of S. P. Brown, J. E. French, E. P. Lillie, L. W. Vale and J. W. Sanderson, whose names have been connected with the star route transactions, and some of whom have already been before the court or a United States commissioner, the charges were virtually ignored and dismissed from the consideration that the only inquiry there was a presentment, but it covers a number of routes and contracts.

Mr. Conkling has been credited with saying that next to the Savior of Mankind, came General Grant. His language may have been misconstrued, and doubtless was, although he thinks General Grant the grandest man in American history, which shows his blind admiration for the General. But the other day they had a Lincoln banquet in New York, at which the Rev. Dr. Newman, General Grant's pastor, made an address, not eulogizing Lincoln, but raising Grant to the skies. The Reverend doctor thought he had reached the climax, until a Mr. Foster, of Troy, arose and bringing out the name of Conkling said:

He (Conkling) never spoke within the walls of any building—a nation were his auditors and the world his admirer. His grandeur was the thousands, his logic convinced the millions, and his eloquence charmed all mankind. He will be known as the grandest son of the grandest State in the grandest Union God's sun ever kissed with its loveliness.

Lincoln and Washington and all the Apostles, are hereby thrown into the shade, as compared with Mr. Conkling. If Mr. Foster wants one of the brass medals he can get one in a more honorable way than by making an ass of himself and a fool of Roscoe Conkling.

Mr. Manager McVicker, of Chicago, promises to furnish the country with some additional amusement. The Rev. Herreck Johnson, of that city, a doctor of divinity, has been preaching against theaters, and has made the public statement that McVicker's theater allows filth on its boards. Mr. McVicker has written a letter to the doctor in which he makes two propositions; first, that if the minister can prove that his statements are true, he, McVicker, will pay \$1,000 out of any charity which the minister may designate; and second, that if the statements can not be proven true, McVicker will agree to convict the Rev. Mr. Johnson of libel. If Mr. McVicker has courage and the Rev. Mr. Johnson will not recall his charges, there will be

some wide-spread interest in the result; and in summing up the matter, the Chicago Journal says: "Here is a good chance to have this whole question settled, once for all, by that august and ever to be venerated pride of the Anglo-Saxon race, whether in the old or the new world the average petit jury. The average jury, man, in Chicago at least, ought to be a good judge of filth. His appearance would certainly indicate that he is an expert in that line."

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Chief Justice Cole's Decision Relating to the Constitutional Amendment.

A Pile of Rope Received at the Washington Jail for Use in Hanging Guiteau.

Shipper's Peruvian Scheme Pronounced a Serious Affair by Foreign Diplomats.

Our Russian Minister Asks for a Relief Expedition for the Jeannette Search.

Mr. Rewey's Report on One of the "Dead-Head" Bills Before Our Legislature.

A Severe Snow Storm in North-west Wisconsin.

Other Interesting State and Miscellaneous News Items.

LEGISLATURE.

Special to the Gazette.

MADISON, Feb. 21.—Chief Justice Cole of the supreme court, delivered the following decision in regard to biennial sessions, this morning: The various propositions mentioned in chapter 262 laws of 1881, constitute but one amendment within the meaning of Article 12, section one, of the constitution, and could be submitted as they were as one amendment. These propositions all relate to the same subject matter namely: They are not independent propositions, but are necessarily and naturally connected together forming one amendment. The salary provision was not intended to and does not take effect until the biennial Legislature is chosen; therefore it does not apply to the relator, (Unid). The provisions of the constitution sought to be amended remain in force and effect until suspended respectively by the new provisions, and the present Legislature is held under and is governed by the constitution as it was before the amendment was adopted, except that amendment has so far taken effect as to impose upon the present Legislature the duty of fixing by law the time biennial Legislature shall meet.

ASSEMBLY.

The motion to quash the alternative writ granted in the Assembly bill repealing the bounty on wild animals, was killed.

SENATE.

In the Senate, the bill regulating the practice of pharmacy was ordered to a third reading.

MADISON, Wis., Feb. 20.—An evening session of the Legislature was held to-night, developing but little interest.

In the Senate bills incorporating the cities of Baraboo and Port Washington were considered.

Governor Bank sent in the name of the Rev. G. E. Gordon, of Milwaukee, to be Regent of the Normal schools in place of Carl Durlinger, resigned.

In the Assembly the following Senate bills were considered:

Providing for the removal of bodies remaining in old Calvary cemetery, Milwaukee: creating the Kewanee Harbor commission: allowing State and to free high schools five years longer. Assembly bills passed: For the more general distribution of legislative proceedings; for a State road from the city of Milwaukee to Port Washington, and appropriating \$20,000 to the Governor's contingent fund.

SHIPPER'S SCHEME.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—Some members of the foreign legation express the belief that the Shipper's Peruvian scheme was a more serious affair than it is generally considered to be by the American public. "It is more than a joke or the day-dream of a visionary speculator," said one of the gentlemen, yesterday. "The scheme was audacious and vast, but not crazy by any means, and we do not know yet how near it came to success. Had Calderon been sustained even for a short time longer, I have reason to believe he would have issued a paper currency which would have been a lien on any property Peru might have owned and thereby enriched himself and his fellow conspirators. If Calderon could have issued currency to the extent of several millions, it might have soothed his friends for their failure to obtain the whole plunder they desired."

JEANNETTE'S CREW.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—Secretary Hunt received a letter to-day from Mr. Hoffman, at St. Petersburg, requesting the relief of the expedition in search of the Jeannette survivors, and stating that the reason why Engineer Melville was placed in command of the party was that Lieutenant

Danenhower was physically unable to perform the duties of the office, as, in addition to having lost his eyesight, his terrible afflictions had caused temporary aberration of mind. It is now believed that Danenhower has fully recovered his reason, and that his general health, as well as that of the other members of his party, is being gradually restored.

Fell Down.

Mr. Albert Anderson, York Street, Buffalo, fell down stairs and severely bruised his knee. A few applications of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil entirely cured him.

Sold by A. J. Roberts and Sherer & Co.

RAILROAD COMPANIES.

MADISON, Feb. 20.—Mr. Rewey, one of the "special committees" to which were referred the dead head bills presented on the last day for the introduction of new business, will make a report upon one to-morrow. It amends Sec. 1213, relative to the taxation of railroad companies, by striking out the word "five" where it occurs in the second subdivision of said section and inserting the word "ten." This bill, if passed, will have the effect of doubling the taxes of all the railroad companies in the State except the Milwaukee & St. Paul, Chicago & Northwestern and the Chicago, St. Paul, and Minneapolis & Omaha. The latter is taxed under a special law, and the two former are in class which is subject to a tax of 4 per cent. on their gross earnings. The Wisconsin Central, Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western, and the Green Bay & Minnesota, will, if Mr. Rewey's bill becomes a law, have to pay a license tax of \$10 per mile of operated road, and 2 per cent. on the excess of earnings above \$1500 per mile.

Second Edition of Job.

Mrs. Ogden, N. Division Street, Buffalo, says: "I cannot be too thankful that I was induced to try *Seneca Blossom*. I was at one time afraid I should never be able to get out again. I seemed to be a second edition of Job, without his patience; my face and body were one vast collection of boils and pimples; since taking one bottle of your *Seneca Blossom* I am quite cured, all eruptions have disappeared, and I feel better than I have in a long time." Price 50 cents, trial bottles 10 cents.

Sold by A. J. Roberts and Sherer & Co.

SNOWSTORMS.

LA CROSSE, Feb. 20.—A snowstorm set in at 10 o'clock this morning, continuing all day, increasing in violence, and we now have a blizzard on hand, with no indications of any cessation. The snow is drifting badly, with the wind from the northeast. The lumbermen are highly elated, and now hope to turn out a three-quarters' cut, instead of half. The rains of Saturday made a good frozen bed for the snow, and should favorable weather continue it will only take two or three weeks to have in 175,000,000 feet. Railroad travel will be impeded if the storm doesn't abate soon.

Incredible.

F. A. Scratch, druggist, Rathven, Ont., writes: "I have the greatest confidence in your *BROOK BLOOD PURIFIER*. In one case with which I am personally acquainted, their success was almost incredible. One lady told me that half a bottle did her more good than hundreds of dollars' worth of medicine she had previously taken." Price \$1.00, trial size 10 cents.

Sold by A. J. Roberts and F. Sherer & Co.

A FORGER CONVICTED.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 20.—The jury in the case of Gottlieb Engel, on trial for forgery, returned a verdict of guilty as charged late this afternoon. The case has attracted considerable attention. Engel, a prominent Hebrew, was charged with forging a note on a man named Kaul. After the verdict was rendered quite a discussion arose as to whether the old bond would keep him out of jail till he shall be sentenced, or whether he must be remanded to the custody of the sheriff and locked up for safe keeping. It was decided that the old bond was sufficient.

GUITEAU.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—Forty-four ropes have been received at the jail to hang Guiteau—one each from the Carolinas, New Hampshire, Vermont, and California. Eight are of silk. Guiteau, though seeing mention of these in print, never speaks of them. The warden has been offered \$1,000 by a showman for the lot. Guiteau is sullen and very crabbed. He deprecates his sister's letter to Mrs. Garfield.

BED-BUGS, ROACHES.

Rats, mice, ants, flies, vermin, mosquitoes, insects, etc., cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c. boxes at druggists.

BRAIN AND NERVE.

Wells' Health Renewer, greatest remedy on earth for impotence, leanness, sexual debility, etc. \$1. at druggists. Depot, Prentice & Evenson, Janesville.

A ROMANCE.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—Last Thursday a man named James Johnson died in Hoboken of small-pox. A lady who was believed to be his wife—a very fine looking woman—urged the authorities to take him away from the house, and when they refused she left the house and has not been seen since. The sick man hired a nurse and stood in his own house until he died. The body was buried on Friday last in the Weehawken cemetery. This morning a richly-dressed woman called at police headquarters and said that the dead man was her husband. She wanted permission to disinter his body and take it to his former home in Dayton, Ohio. In answer to inquiries, she

said that she was Johnson's wife, and that seven years ago he deserted her and eloped with her cousin, Pauline Kreger, taking a large sum of money belonging to the lawful wife. She added that she spent several thousand dollars trying to track the guilty pair, and knew nothing of their whereabouts until she saw a notice of Johnson's death in a paper at Dayton O. The lady was informed that the police had no power to interfere in the matter, and that if she wished to have the body of her husband she must apply to the health authorities. This the lady did, and was chagrined to learn that the body could not be taken up at present, as its transportation might tend to spread the dread contagion. She then left the city very suddenly. The police and health authorities are puzzled to account for the singular disappearance of the woman with whom the deceased had been living, and are inclined to place all credence in the Ohio woman's story.

POLYGAMY.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—Senator Lapham introduced a bill to-day to amend the act establishing territorial government in Utah, and to change the name to "Altamont." The bill vests executive power over the Territory in a Governor appointed for four years, and continues the present Governor until the end of his term. It disfranchises all persons guilty of bigamy and polygamy, and makes them ineligible as jurors, or to any office. The bill requires the Legislature to repeal the statutes authorizing plurality of the wives, and provides for the support of destitute and homeless wives and children by erecting houses for them, and levy taxes to pay therefor; also to compel males to support their children born in polygamy.

Harmony.

—Mrs. Minerva Orcutt fell down stairs last Wednesday, injuring her right arm and shoulder somewhat. She also received internal injuries.

—The pupils of Mt. Zion school, No. 4, who were perfect in scholarship, Nellie Clark, Annie Featherstone, Emma Featherstone, Maggie Clark, Willie Clark, in punctuality, Art Wauke, Guy Wauke, Isabella Clark, Jennie Clark, Anna Featherstone, May Clark, John Clark.

—The Mt. Zion lyceum is creating quite an interest in this community, calling out both old and young, and having interesting meetings. The first term of four weeks having expired, the following officers were elected for the next term:

President—John Cunningham.
Vice President—J. M. Lono.
Secretary—George Featherstone.
Treasurer—George Clark.

—Mr. Will Butts returned from an extensive tour through Nebraska and Kansas last week, looking robust and healthy.

An interesting chapter might be written on the manufacture and sale of bogus relics. A Chattanooga correspondent tells of an enterprising genius dwelling on the famous Lookout Mountain, Tenn., who has struck a veritable lead mine. He buys up old lead, molds it into bullets, which are fired against the rocks, then gathered up again and smeared with mud. The eloquent "relics" of the war are disposed of to curiosity-seeking visitors at ten cents apiece. We have in our possession several genuine war bullets which we gathered ourselves from the rocks and fields, or dug out of the trees of Lookout Mountain. Bomb-shells, bayonets, an occasional rusted musket barrel, and such souvenirs of the strife, often reward our expeditions. During our stay on the mountain a paper-weight form of such bullets was sent to the poet Whittier, to which he responded with some graceful verses. We trust that the good man may never be imposed upon by case counterfeit relics of these degenerate times. What a mean, lying thing a manufactured war relic is! And what it takes to make and sell them!

An Entire Success.

It has been proved by the most reliable testimony that THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL is an entire success in curing the most inveterate cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, lame back, and wounds of every description.

Sold by A. J. Roberts, and Sherer & Co.

COMMERCIAL NEWS.

JANESVILLE MARKETS.

Reported for the Gazette by Samp & Gray—Grain and Produce Dealers.

JANESVILLE, February 16.

FLOUR—New Process \$1.70 per sack; Graham \$1.60 per sack; Patent \$2.00 per sack.
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—\$1.00 per sack.
MEAL—coarse, \$1.25 per 100;
FEED—\$1.50 per 100 lbs.
MIDDLINGS—\$1.00 per 100 lbs. Ton \$12.
BRAN—\$1.00 per 100.
WHEAT—Winter, \$1.05@1.15; Good to best spring \$1.15@1.25; Common to fair quality \$1.00@1.12.
RYE—Dull at \$0.85c per 60 lbs.
BUCKWHEAT—\$5.00c for 52 lbs.
BARLEY—prime samples 75¢ 80¢ common to fair quality 60¢@70¢.
CORN—Old Shelled per 60 lbs. 50¢@55¢; ear per 75 lbs. 50¢@55¢.
OATS—white 30¢@35¢; mixed 25¢@30¢.
TIMOTHY SEED—in demand at \$2.15@2.20 per 60 pounds.
CLOVER SEED—Saleable at \$1.25@1.45 per bushel; Receipts fair.
HAY—Timothy \$7.00@9.00 per ton; Marsh and other kinds \$4.00@5.00.
POTATOES—Good demand for shipping at 65¢@70¢ per bushel.
BUTTER—scarce at 24¢@25¢ c. for choice.
BEANS—wanted at \$1.75@2.25 per bushel.
EGGS—Fresh per doz 10¢@12¢.
HIDES—Green, 90¢; calf 12¢@13¢; Dry, 12¢@14¢.
WOOL—saleable at 35¢@36¢ for fair to choice clip; 3¢ off for common clip.
SHEEP PELTS—Range at 60¢@1.25 each.
POULTRY—Turkeys 90¢@1.00; Chickens 75¢.
LIVE STOCK—Cattle \$2.50, 3 100.
HOGS—\$5.00@6.00 per cwt.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE,

I WILL SELL AT THE FOLLOWING

PRICES FOR

CASH ONLY!

No Credit. Don't Ask It.

CHICAGO, February 20.

WHEAT—No. 2 spring wheat, cash, \$1.21 1/2
No. 3 spring wheat cash, \$1.10 1/2
CORN—No. 2 cash, 57 1/2¢
OATS—No. 2 cash, 45¢
BARLEY—No. 3 cash, 75¢
PORK—Cash new, 41 1/2¢
LARD—Cash 10 1/2¢
LIVE HOGS—\$5.25@7.10 according to grade.
BUTTER—14¢@17¢, 12¢@14¢, according to quality.
CHEESE—12¢@13¢, according to quality.
EGGS—Fresh, 17¢.
HAY—Timothy, No. 1, \$12.00@13.00; No. 2 do \$10.00@11.00.

Ground feed, per cwt. \$1.15

Corn meal coarse, per cwt. 1.10

Corn meal in 25 lb. sacks, for table use per sack, 1.30

Shelled corn, per cwt. 1.00

Eat corn, per cwt. 85¢

White oats, per cwt. 1.50

Bran, per cwt. 85¢

Middlings, per cwt. 85¢

Coles, per load, 1.25

Goods delivered promptly to any part of the city.

Handily HENRY A. DOTY.

EAST FOR SPRING TRADE.

Wishing to close out the remainder of Winter Goods on hand to make room for one of the Largest and Most Complete Stock of

Spring and Summer Goods

Ever before brought to the City of Janesville. I have instructed my salesmen, that during my absence East they are to sell all goods at prices less than at any other house in the city dare offer—custom work included. I mean business, and this is not an advertising dodge. All goods guaranteed as represented, or money refunded. Remember the old standby, The Star Clothing House.

Yours for Low Prices,

FRED SONNEBORN.

700

We have about that number of Overcoats left out of the 1,500 that we had Jan. 1st. Now we have a word to say We will sell all Overcoats at less than cost for the next 15 days, which will be from 15 to 20 per cent less than you can buy of any house that mark their goods in plain figures. How is that for Latin? The old Hen has come off, and don't you forget it.

E. T. FOOTE

Three Doors West of the Post-Office, Janesville, Wis.

Semi-Annual Clearance Sale!

To make room for Spring purchases soon to arrive, I offer all Heavy Winter Goods, such as Men's Wool Lined Boots and Shoes!

Also FLANNEL LINED SHOES, GLOVES, MITTENS, Etc., at astonishingly low prices, regard less of cost. A lot of

GENT'S HOLIDAY FANCY SLIPPERS!

Worth from \$2.00 to \$2.50 to be closed out at \$1.50 per pair. Call early and make your selection.

THE WEST END SHOE STORE!

L. R. TREAT, 33 W. Milwaukee St. Proprietor. Op. Market Square.

Green & Rice!

Still Keep the Lead.

All the latest patterns in

CROCKERY, GLASS AND CHINA!

Especially inducements in LAMP GOODS.

TEA SETS FROM \$3.50 up; DINNER SET, 128 PIECES, FOR \$15.00

And all affairs in like proportion.

WE ARE NOT AFRAID OF THE BATTLE

And our hen is on laying golden eggs for all who call at No. 45, West Milwaukee Street.

AT THE EMPIRE DRUG STORE!

YOU WILL FIND A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF Drugs, Chemicals and Patent Medicines! THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF

Combs, Brushes, Dressing Cases!

Which will be sold as cheap as any other house in the State. Also all the choice

Brands of Cigars and Cigarettes.

CALL AND SEE ME.

WM. M. ELDREDGE, Druggist.

No. 27 Main Street, Janesville, Wis.

Represent the Oldest and Largest Stock Insurance Companies in America and England.

Represent the Oldest and Largest Stock Insurance Companies in the World.

Represent the Safest and Best known Fire Insurance Companies in America and England, and write policies at best rates.

Represent one of the Oldest, best known and largest Life Companies in this country.

Losses are all promptly and fairly adjusted and paid.

Have Houses, Lots and Lands for sale or rent, and Money to Loan at low rates of interest.

DIMOCK & HAYNER

DIMOCK & HAYNER

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DIMOCK & HAYNER

THE GAZETTE.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21

The circulation of the GAZETTE is larger than any other newspaper published in this city.

Post-Office—Summer Time Table.
The mails arrive and depart at the Janesville Post-Office as follows:

Mail	Arrive	Depart
Madison	8:00 P. M.	7:30 P. M.
Bellevue	8:30 P. M.	8:00 P. M.
Chicago and Milwaukee	9:00 P. M.	8:30 P. M.
Northern	1:00 P. M.	1:30 P. M.
Milwaukee	1:30 P. M.	2:00 P. M.
Harvard & Chicago	2:30 P. M.	2:00 P. M.
Rock & Madison	3:30 P. M.	3:00 P. M.
Chicago & Milwaukee	4:30 P. M.	4:00 P. M.
Madison & Beloit	5:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.
Chicago & Milwaukee	6:30 P. M.	6:00 P. M.
Madison & Beloit	7:30 P. M.	7:00 P. M.
Chicago & Milwaukee	8:30 P. M.	8:00 P. M.
Madison & Beloit	9:30 P. M.	9:00 P. M.

On Saturdays from 8:00 A. M. to 8:30 P. M. Money order and Registered Letter Department open from 8:00 A. M. to 8:30 P. M. and from 8:30 P. M. to 9:00 P. M. except during the distribution of the mails. Stamps, stamped envelopes, postal cards and Wrappers for sale at East Post-Office, A. M. to 9:00 P. M. Orders for stamped envelopes with return card printed thereon, should be left at the Money order Department.

On Saturday night only, a through pouch from Chicago is received on the Fond du Lac train; and on Monday morning only, a through pouch is made up and forwarded to Chicago on the 7 o'clock train.

By reading this table carefully, the public can post themselves thoroughly upon the arrival and departure of all the mails, and thus avoid much inconvenience to themselves.

H. A. PATTERSON, P. M.

THE MODERN BONNET.

—Or is it a hat?
Dome of St. Peter's, tell me that.
It is broadly conceived, crown, brim and bow,
It is grand with the crown and the bow,
But, somehow, I hardly seem made on the plan.

Of the grandest kind of a grand young man;
And this, perhaps, is why the play
My thoughts from Hamlet or Lear will stray,
And why to the bonnet I turn to turn
With "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

The modern bonnet! ah, who designed
This torment of torments to those behind?
For women may weep and men may rage,
The bonnet shuts out both player and stage;
And soon, with its artless turn and jerks,
Its nose and dips and feminine frowns,
Makes the poor wretch in the seat behind,
Who has paid for his place, as good as blind.

And still its challenge appears to be:
"Fool, for the play! just look at me!"
For on my plume, so long and handsome,
I wear in itself a young king's ransom.
Two feet across and one foot high
Is little enough for me, I say.

Oh, it spreads itself like a potentate!
And yet, do you know, I put the pain,
The ally pain, that is under, or in,
And doesn't know it commits a sin.
She never suspects that the crown of man
Are all at war with her bonnet's plan.

And to grace for three long mortal hours,
And its wide cap and feminine frowns,
Is more than a man will care to do
Who has come, one may say, with a different view.

Not to speak of the ticket's cost,
And the time and tone and temper lost.

And now I think of a maiden fair,
Crowned with the wealth of her clinging hair,
Her sweet face glowing beneath its brim;
And I say to myself: "Fever I wed,
Will be with a woman whose hair
Of the poor, misguided feminine soul
Who flaunts a beaver acoeur."

—Harpur's Razor.

THE BREAKING UP OF THE ICE BRIDGE.

Among the inhabitants of one of the little fishing villages on the south shore of the St. Lawrence River was a thrifty French Canadian named Pierre Laval. His family consisted of his rosy-cheeked, good-natured wife, Louise, the eldest child, from whom he derived his name, "the little mother," Jean, a strong lad of thirteen, and the baby, whose bright black eyes and white skin made one think of two huckleberries in a bowl of milk.

In summer there was no more attractive spot in N— than the cozy Laval cottage, with its porch wreathed with honeysuckle, and its little plot of ground with beds and borders of brightly-colored flowers; and in winter the pantry was always well filled, and the woodshed piled to the rafters with great logs, for Pierre was a good provider, and by working hard at fishing during the summer months and at lumbering in winter, he managed to earn considerable money, and instead of spending it at the village inn, he carried it home for the use of his wife and little ones.

On the afternoon of a certain cloudy day the door of the Laval cottage opened every few moments, and Louise peered anxiously down the road. At last she spied the stout figure of Jean coming up the street, and drawing her little red shawl tightly over her head she ran to meet him.

"Hurrah, Lou!" he cried gayly; "the boat is almost done, and the boys are going to let me have the naming of it. I think I shall call it 'the Louise.'"

But the girl did not seem to hear. "Oh, hurry, Jean!" she gasped, pressing her hands together nervously; "the baby!"

Then Jean, for the first time, noticed how pale and anxious his sister's face was.

"Well, what of the baby?" he asked.

"Sick, oh, so sick! he never was like this before."

"And you wanted me to go on some errand? I am sorry now that I staid all night, but mother said I might if I would."

"Your staying was all right, Jean, only everything has gone wrong this time. Word came this morning that a gang of men was wanted at the big lumberyard, and father and the neighbors went away early and will not be back before the end of the week."

"But where's Mother Barbet? Can't she cure the baby?"

Louise shook her head sadly. "For once, Jean, her medicine don't seem to do any good; she says she has been with the great doctor over the river two or three times when he has had throats even worse than the baby's, and that he uses a new kind of medicine—a little white powder—and it always helps people right off. He gave her the name of the powder, but I couldn't find it at the little shop in the village, and mother didn't dare trust me to go across the river with it. He hasn't been out of the stable for four or five days, and he is as wild as a wolf."

N— was too small a town to be able to afford the luxury of a physician all for itself, besides, people took so much exercise in the open air, and ate such simple food, and kept their early hours and were so strong and healthy, that a doctor would have found but little to do. In cases of severe sickness the people of N— always sent for the learned physician across the river; but on all ordinary occasions they depended entirely on "old Mother Barbet," the fame of whose skillful nursing and simple remedies had spread far and wide.

It was toward the close of the long and bitter winter of 1882. Already, in some localities, little shallow pools of water standing here and there on the frozen surface of the St. Lawrence River showed that the sun was getting back some of its summer heat and power; and the inhabitants along the shores prophesied the speedy breaking-up of the ice, the clearing of the river, and the re-appearance of the long procession

of stately ships sailing by on their way to Montreal. But as yet not a crack had disfigured the glittering mass of ice which for two months had stretched out as level as a floor, making a firm, safe bridge between the little village on the south shore and the large town of V—. If the people of the little village wanted anything from the large town, all they had to do was to harness their horses, and "whiz" across the ice and back again in a few moments. It was a thousand times better than the slow, unreliable summer ferry; and, too, during the clear, calm moonlight nights, you could hear the tinkling of the bells and the sounds of gay laughter as one sleigh-load after another of young people sped over the ice, bent on some merry-making or frolic.

As Jean and Louise entered the cottage, their mother met them with a sober face. How still and lonesome it seemed without the bright baby, who always laughed and put out his little hands the moment the big brother came in sight! Jean felt conscience-stricken when he remembered how often he had said: "Mother take the baby!" when his mother had left the little fellow in his charge for a few moments. In fact, it was but two or three days since he had been wicker enough to wish the baby dead, when he had been called in from play to rock the cradle. And hadn't the good priest told the boys of the parish school only that very week "that a murderous thought was almost as bad in the eyes of God as a murder's blow." If the baby should die—the boy's heart gave a great thump as he thought of it—how could he, Jean Laval, ever look any one in the face again!

"Take courage, mother!" he said, bravely. "I'll harness Jet, and have him at the door in a moment."

Mrs. Laval wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron and looked anxiously out of the window. "Are you sure it is safe to cross, my son? I don't like the looks of that sky, and the weather has been warmer lately, and there have been signs of the breaking up of the ice above us."

"But that was far up the river; and as for the clouds, they do look pretty squally, that's a fact; but we shall be back long before the storm breaks."

Louise knew what to tell the doctor. If he shouldn't be home, leave word for him to come as soon as possible, and then hurry to the drug-store and get the powder, and be sure and buy a double portion for Mother Barbet. She is coming to stay with me while you are away. Yes, I suppose it is best to go."

In a few moments Jean and Louise were snugly tucked inside the little sledge under the warm wolf-skins, and the black pony with his head down, going at his best pace, brought them in a short time to the river's edge. The ice was soon crossed, and, after a short drive up the main street of the large town, Jean pulled up in front of the doctor's office. Finding him out, he scrawled a message on the slate, and, stopping at the drug-store, he bought two bottles of the white powder, which he carefully placed in his inside coat-pocket; and then they started for home.

"How dark it has grown!" exclaimed Louise, as they reached the crossing-place and saw a crowd of men standing looking out on the frozen river and gesticulating earnestly; "and that sky, Jean! it frightens me to look at it."

She pointed to a writhing mass of huge inky clouds rapidly climbing up from the horizon. The wind, which had been blowing steadily all day, had entirely died away, leaving a stillness which was almost oppressive. This ominous silence was broken only by an occasional moaning which seemed to vibrate along the frozen surface of the river.

As the black pony stepped out upon the ice, some men motioned Jean back; and, finding him determined to go on, two or three of them sprang forward and seized the bridle. "You're young, my master, but you're old enough to know better than to venture across in the face of such a sky as that. And haven't you heard the news from up the river? The ice has already weakened in spots!"

"Let go!" said Jean, tightening his hold on the reins. "Weak ice or not, I must cross."

But several other men had gathered in front of the pony. "Back, back, I say!" shouted one. "We have had orders to stop people from crossing; but in truth, I didn't think there would be man or boy fool enough to attempt it. Don't you know the meaning of those clouds? The tornado may be on us at any time—even now while we are talking."

"But I tell you I must cross, and you have no right to keep me here losing time," returned Jean, flushing angrily, while Louise turned her face imploringly toward the men.

"We must try to cross," she said, with trembling lips. "My little brother is sick—perhaps dying; we have been for the doctor and are taking back the medicine. Father is away, and mother is waiting for us."

The men looked irresolute. "Better to lose one child than three," said the first speaker, still keeping hold of the bridle.

"Let the youngsters go, neighbor Tyrrel!" exclaimed a new-comer. "It is Pierre Laval's pony, the best traveler about N—. Perhaps he can get them across before the storm bursts. Think of your own wife left alone with a dying baby, and waiting for medicine. Spare the whip, my boy, and may the good God put such speed in your pony's legs as never was before!"

Jet, glad to be released, darted forward on his way. The same oppressive stillness continued, still the black clouds mounted higher and higher, and there was the same peculiar moaning in the ice beneath. The children had already crossed more than two-thirds of the distance, when there came a little puff of wind, followed by two or three violent gusts which caused the light sledge to swerve to one side. The next moment, there was a heavy boom in the ice directly underneath them, and the air was filled with a succession of sharp reports like the rattling of musketry.

Louise, too frightened to speak, turned and looked in her brother's face, but she found little there to reassure her. His eyes were riveted on a large crack in the ice before them through which could be seen the dark waters of the swiftly moving current. Obeying the sudden sting of the whip, the pony gathered himself for a spring and cleared the crack just as it widened to an impassable chasm behind them. A second crack was crossed in the same manner, and then Jean saw that their floating platform was surrounded on all sides by water. "We must leave the sleigh, Louise," he said. "It will be safer lying flat on the ice." He took his knife and cut the pony loose from the sledge. "It is only for a few minutes, Jean, for a chance for his life," he muttered; and then seizing his sister by the hand, he dragged her to the strongest

part of the floe just as it parted in the middle with a sudden snap. The little red sledge slipped into the water, and the pony, neighing piteously, drifted rapidly from their sight. Jean heard the shouting of voices, and through the driving rain he was able to make out the figures of men on shore running to and fro. "Hold fast to Louise," he said, as she gave a little gasp when the floe tilted to one side and the icy waves dashed over their faces; "we are nearing the stationary ice by the shore. If you can but hold out for a moment longer!"

The next instant the huge blocks of ice, as they came crashing down the river, forced the little floe on the firm ice, and strong arms carried the children to a place of safety.

The doctor was not able to cross the river for some time; but the white powder saved the baby's life, and the little fellow was crawling and laughing as usual several days before Jean and Louise recovered from the effects of the cold and the fright.

The morning after the rescue of the two children, the black pony, with his shaggy mane and tail fringed with icicles, was found alive and well on a little cape where he had safely drifted ashore—Wide Awake.

Three Times Jilted.

All Nicetown is laughing over the discomfiture of Michael Lyceet, who has in no less than three instances within the past year been the victim of misplaced confidence in a fickle woman. As a final resort he has appealed to the courts, and instituted a breach-of-promise suit against the girl he last fixed his affections on. For many years he was one of the most energetic spike-drivers in the employ of the Reading Railroad Company at Doylestown, and being a person of regular habits saved several hundred dollars. Having no particular use for the money he, when thirty-seven years of age, resolved to indulge in the luxury of a wife, but not being familiar with the habits and customs, or, as he expresses it, "the goings on" of the gentler sex, made no progress in his hunt for a companion until he fell in with a Milesian named Madigan, of whom he asked assistance. Mr. Madigan is a fiddler, and is reputed to know the merits and demerits of every marriageable woman between Reading and Conshohocken.

In his hour of despondency Michael unbosomed himself to Madigan, who agreed for the small fee of ten dollars to find a bouncing girl willing to become Mrs. Lyceet. Madigan got the fee, and three days later introduced his employer to one Miss Dolan, but Michael objected to certain peculiarities of her visual organs. Madigan said Lyceet was too particular, and demanded an additional fee of ten dollars before he went in search of a Venus that would meet the approval of his patron. After inspecting three nymphs unearthly by the indefatigable fiddler, Michael found in a Miss Megan all the perfections of her adorable sex, and made love to her in orthodox style. He gave her two dresses, a cloak, a bracelet, an umbrella, and a tin-type of his own countenance. On the strength of the grace with which she received the last-named token of his affection he offered her the original, but she declined the honor, and two weeks later cut him dead.

With a broken heart and crushed spirit he sought a pasture new in Nicetown, where he found employment last fall, and two weeks later met a Miss Casey at a raffish given by a mutual friend. Michael followed his old policy of courtship, and soon Miss Casey burst upon the public with a green silk dress, a pair of eight dollar gaiters, a gorgeous bonnet, white kid gloves, and other highly tinted plumage, all of which were purchased by "hur Mike," as Mr. Lyceet bitterly calls him. He finally dawned upon Michael that his courtship was frightfully expensive, and that week after week went by without his being any nearer matrimony than he was before he left Burke County.

Not long after this Miss Casey jilted him.

In time—and by the way an exceedingly brief period it was—the victim's wounded heart healed, and his attention was attracted by Maggie Moran, the daughter of his boarding mistress. His interest in the young girl increased daily, and to Magistrate Krickbaum he yesterday gave his experience with her. After dwelling on her hair, her eyes and her build, he said: "First she axed for a silk dress. Do ye mind that? Sez I, 'Will ye marry me?' 'It's hasty ye are,' sez she. 'Margaret,' sez I, 'It's no silk dress ye'll have from me till ye promise.' 'Very well,' sez she, wid a smile on her; 'I'll be Mrs. Lyceet on Christmas-Day.' When she had the dress made she wanted a cloak. Twenty dollars fur a cloak. 'Ye'll have no cloak from me,' sez I. 'Then I'll not marry,' sez she. So what could I do but do what she wanted? Then she borred fifty dollars out uv the money in the bank to buy things for the wedding."

"Sez I, 'Margaret, go aisy wid the money.' 'Oh, it's savin' I'll be,' sez she, but spint every blisid cent uv it that very day in shoes, and ribbons, and sleepers, and fol-dor-ses. The day before Christmas, sez I, 'it's murred in the mornin' we'll be.' 'Phwat mornin?' sez she, openin' her eyes and sturin' in me face. 'Christians mornin,' sez I. 'It's New-Year's I sed,' sez she, as bold as brass. I wur biln mad, but she staid like a cow in the mud and cud neither be druv or blarneyed. So I waited, an' to put her into spirits I gev her a thirty-seven dollar gold ring. On New-Year's Day she wint off wid young Tom Monahan to a raffish and sint me a littler she'd not marry me if I wuz made of gold. Mind that, now. She sint me an oul'd ring worth twenty sints an' vowed it wuz the wedding ring I gav her. I want a warrant fur her and she'll be put in jail, so she will, fer her deavin' thrick."

Yesterday an officer recovered the ring from Miss Casey, and later in the day the unhappy Lyceet brought suit against her for breach of promise.—Philadelphia Cor. Chicago Tribune.

How He Was Identified.

Uncle Mose met a very dandified Boston dandy, who used to live in Galveston, on Galveston avenue, and who said in a very dignified manner:

"How do you enjoy dis balmy wedding, sah?"

"I don't know you, sah. You has me at a disadvantage," responded Mose.

"You cracked just the it widened, lantern-jawed porilla, yet is dis mutton-headed babby yer allers?"

"Now I knowa yer. As soon as yer quit talkin' like a gunman I knowed yer right off," and they embraced like Buecher and Wellington on the field of Waterloo.—Galveston News.

OVER 200,000 Howe scales have been sold. Send for catalogue to Borden, Selek & Co., General Agents, Chicago, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROFESSOR HORSFORD'S BAKING POWDER

Made from Professor Horsford's Acid Phosphate. Recommended by leading physicians. Makes lighter biscuits, cakes, etc., and is healthier than ordinary Baking Powder.

For Sale. Sold at a reasonable price. The H-rsford Almanac and Cook Book sent free.

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My practice, not one of experiment, but based on the laws of Nature, with years of experience, enables me to sustain it, does not, but knowledge gained by years of experience in the treatment of Chronic Diseases exclusively, no encouragement without a prospect. Cautious in our opinions, reasonable in our charges, claim not to know everything or cure everybody, but to lay claim to reason and common sense. We invite the sick, no matter what their ailment, to call and investigate before they abandon hope, make interrogations and decide for yourself. It will cost nothing as consultation is free. Vis its made regularly.

Dr. V. Clarence Price

Can be consulted at JANSVILLE, WISCONSIN, HOUSE, on Saturday, the 25th of February, 1882.

Patients will address all letters to Dr. V. Clarence Price, Waukegan, Ill., with stamp: jan25w2

41st

Popular Monthly Drawing of the

COMMONWEALTH DISTRIBUTION CO.

In the City of Louisville on

Tuesday, February 28th, 1882

This drawing occurs monthly (Sundays excepted) under provisions of an Act of the General Assembly of Kentucky.

The United States Circuit Court on March 25th rendered the following decisions:

1st—That the Commonwealth Distribution Company is legal.

2d—Its drawings are fair.

3d—The Company has now on hand a large reserve fund. Read the list of prizes for the

FEBRUARY DRAWING.

1 Prize—\$10,000 100 Prizes—\$10 each 10,000
2 Prize—\$5,000 200 Prizes—\$5 each 20,000
3 Prize—\$1,000 1,000 Prizes—\$1 each 100,000
4 Prize—\$500 5,000 Prizes—\$50 each 50,000
5 Prize—\$100 10,000 Prizes—\$10 each 100,000
6 Prize—\$50 50,000 Prizes—\$5 each 500,000
7 Prize—\$25 100,000 Prizes—\$2 each 1,000,000
8 Prize—\$10 500,000 Prizes—\$1 each 5,000,000
9 Prize—\$5 1,000,000 Prizes—\$500 each 100,000
10 Prize—\$1 5,000,000 Prizes—\$100 each 1,000,000
11 Prize—\$500 100,000 Prizes—\$10 each 1,000,000
12 Prize—\$100 500,000 Prizes—\$5 each 5,000,000
13 Prize—\$50 1,000,000 Prizes—\$2 each 10,000,000
14 Prize—\$25 5,000,000 Prizes—\$1 each 50,000,000
15 Prize—\$10 10,000,000 Prizes—\$500 each 100,000
16 Prize—\$5 50,000,000 Prizes—\$100 each 1,000,000
17 Prize—\$1 100,000,000 Prizes—\$50 each 10,000,000
18 Prize—\$500 1,000,000 Prizes—\$10 each 1,000,000
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